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For the Gallipolis Journal. GEORGE ELMER'S BRIDE: OR, THE REFORMATION OF ROSE HILL COLLEGE.

BY LELIA V. BRIENT.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER V.

On his way to the field George met with two of his friends, Frank Lakes and Hugh Elliot, clerk in the store of Bradley & Co.

"Hi, George," said Frank, "I am in possession of a piece of property of yours which doubtless you will be happy to recover."

"What do you mean," said George, "you seem to speak in riddles."

"I will soon unravel the riddle," said Frank, drawing a gold locket and chain from the breast pocket of his coat.

"Where did you get it," said George, in evident confusion.

"Snatched it from a young lady in a scuffle."

"That's enough," said George, "I understand you now," taking the locket and at the same time glancing at Hugh as if to inquire if he knew the secret.

Frank either not noticing the appealing look which George cast at him, or determined to play the tyrant, said, "I took it to be your property, as it was a pretty correct shadow of yourself."

George blushed to the temples. Frank observing this, winked at Hugh, who broke out in a loud ha, ha, and started on down the path.

As soon as the two were left alone, George heartily thanked Frank for his kindness in restoring the locket.

"It's all right," said Frank. "I knew she was not the one to carry it, and seeing a good opportunity, I made use of it in recovering the locket for you."

"By the way, Frank, how would you like a trip South," said George.

"Very well, providing I could get a birth to suit me; do you know of any chance?"

"Why, yes. Old Nick Bradley is going to start next week with a load of produce and wants four or five good hands, and would not wish to hire outside of the neighborhood."

"Are you going, George?" said Frank.

"I thought I would if you would go."

"Well, count me in," said Frank, "providing the wages are good. How many of the crew has he now?"

"Three; and we make the complement."

"Who are they?"

"Elic Curtis, Jim Fergusson, and Gus Hoobs."

"A pretty good selection; but will Hoobs leave Mary Ann long enough for a trip," said Frank.

"Yes, I will vouch for that," said George. "But let's go up to old Nick's and enter our names on the list for fear it will be too late."

But we will leave the boys to arrange their business, and for the present look after the girls. When the two girls returned from their ghost adventure, both seemed frightened and nervous, and declared they would never act the ghost again; for what reason, they would not tell until the next morning, when Bess told Carrie that they had been almost frightened to death by seeing some white object appear in the grave yard. The girls were all very much frightened at this, but all concluded to keep the secret among themselves. Shortly after the girls took their leave. Helen Clinton came in, and the girls were very glad to see her, but surprised to see how much she had changed since their last meeting. She was sober in her manners and wore a down-cast look, mingled with a troubled expression of countenance which neither Sarah nor Carrie could well account for. Her stay was not long. She only called, she said, to bid the girls farewell, as she was going to leave Rose Hill Vale the next day.

"How long will you be gone," asked Carrie, with a perceptible shade of regret in her countenance as she spoke.

"Perhaps six months, perhaps longer, my health is fast failing here, and Governor says we must travel to recruit it. We will be apt to travel over several states and visit the different watering places—but I must go. I only came to bid you farewell." Carrie turned away with a tear in her eye; Sarah bit her lip, and without another word Helen left them. The next day at three o'clock the distant rumble of carriage wheels announced her departure from Rose Hill Vale.

When the news of the intended departure of the boys for the South was made known, it created quite a sensation throughout the neighborhood. Mary Ann did not wish Hoobs to go. Sarah was down on George and Elic, but the boys were determined and would go. They were to start on the next Monday. Mr. Elmer returned during the week, and while seated at the supper table told the girls that school was going to commence at Rose Hill College on Monday.

"Who is going to teach," asked Carrie, in breathless curiosity.

"Miss Destelle," said he.

"She is a pretty thing to teach the girls of Rose College," said she, with a bitter sneer.

"O, I'm so glad," said George.

"She won't teach us," said Carrie.

"Elic Bland, Bess, and myself will tease her to death in two days."

"I think myself it is a pretty pass when that little French girl is employed to teach when there is sensible ladies who are more competent," said Miss Curtis. George said nothing. Mr. Elmer looked at his wife and smiled; and here the conversation dropped.

Sabbath evening came, and George spent the evening at Mr. Destelle's. Dora was sorry to see him go, as he was all the male friend she seemed to have in Rose Hill Vale. But wishing him a God speed and soon return, she calmly bade him farewell. Before they parted, however, George presented her with the locket which Frank had so kindly restored. She accepted of it, she said, as a friend, and in return gave him hers. He left her with a happy heart, and the next morning long before the sun gilded the east the boys left for the "Sunny South."

Nine o'clock came, and gathered around Rose Hill College was a group of about twenty of all ages, size and complexion. Mary Ann Fergusson, Bess Lakes, Elic Bland, Genie Sifton, and Carrie were grouped together, all talking in an under tone.

"I think it is time Mademoiselle was here," said Bess, in a mocking tone.

"She will have her hands full," said Carrie.

"I wonder if this accomplished French lady would correct us for misbehavior," said Elic.

"Hush, girls," said Genie, "she is coming."

"I don't care," said Mary Ann. At this the girls formed into a line, and as Dora came smiling up, Bess bowed almost to the ground, saying: "Boujour, Mademoiselle."

"Tres-bien merci," said Dora, pleasantly. The girls giggled and looked at each other in surprise. Dora passed on in the school room and began arranging desks and seats to suit herself.

"Bess, if I could speak as many French words as you can, I would torment her to death," said Carrie.

"I have studied French," said Bess, turning up her nose.

At this moment the tinkle of the bell called them to their studies, the girls and boys went in, making as much racket as possible in so doing. After a while they came to order, and exercise began by the first or highest class reading. This was composed of the largest girls and boys. They arose and bowed very low; they read once around and then began to laugh. Walking up to them, Dora said: "This will not do; what are you laughing at?"

"Nous ne nous vious pas de vous," said Bess, solemnly.

"Well, you must quit laughing, and if possible your foreign language," said Dora, smiling.

"Oui, Mademoiselle," said Bess.

"Stop that, I say," repeated Dora, with such a tone of authority that Bess was content to read simply in the English language. The girls tried every way in their power to annoy Dora, but to no purpose. Before the day was over Bess left the school, and the other girls sobbed down to a state of quiet. Night came, and as soon as school was dismissed, Carrie sought Bess. She found her at home spinning.

"What did you leave our school for?" said Carrie.

"Oh, fiddle stick, I got tired and run out of French phrases," said Bess.

"How did it go off any how?" said she, setting her wheel aside.

"O, fine; five of the boys got whipped and three girls," said Carrie, laughing.

"I'm going next week," said Bess, "but I ain't going to cut up any."

"Why?"

"O because, Dora is too little to be imposed upon, and besides I believe she will do what's right, and I like that firm way she has got."

"I don't like her any better than I used to," said Carrie, and with a few remarks about the price of Bess's new dress, she set out for home.

"There is meeting in four weeks at Rose Hill College," said Mrs. Elmer, at the supper table.

"Who preaches?" said Sarah.

"Gaston," said she.

"We are all good for that," said Carrie.

The week passed off and the scholars had become quite docile. Bess behaved very well, and as she was the leader of mischief, all followed her into the reformation.

Four weeks passed off smoothly at Rose Hill College. Sabbath came once more, and all the neighbors repaired to church. The minister had just arose to begin the morning service, when Dora made her appearance; but she was not alone; walking by her side was a tall, handsome stranger. It was her brother Clinton, who had returned the night before. He walked gracefully up the narrow aisle, and as he took his seat there was a pair of bright blue eyes raised to his face. They belonged to Carrie, who was very much charmed by the sight of the handsome youth. As she raised her eyes they met his, and she fancied she saw a look of admiration in their dark depths, which sent a crimson blush over her lovely face.

She knew he must be Dora's brother, and cast several kind looks toward her. She longed to become acquainted with him, but could not even hope for an introduction, having ever treated Dora so ungraciously. The sermon was unheeded by her. She was busy thinking how she had treated Dora, and for the first time heartily wished she had not done so.

The meeting was dismissed, and Carrie, wishing to pass as near the stranger as possible, made a circuit in that direction. She was about passing when Dora said in a sweet voice, "Carrie." She turned quickly.

"Miss Elmer, my brother Clinton," Carrie's face crimsoned at this kind introduction, as Clinton turning, smiled and bowed politely. He seemed not to notice her confusion, and Dora kindly came to her assistance by conversing freely, as if they had ever been the warmest friends. Carrie hurried on to overtake Miss Curtis, who was almost out of sight, and as she went she thought to herself: "How kind Dora is; I shall always love her, and he is so good looking." By this time they reached their home. Carrie was kinder to Dora than usual, and after supper dressed herself with more than usual care, and invited Genie to take a walk with her. They sauntered off up the path and Carrie said: "Suppose we go to Pigeon Hall?"

"O let's do," said Genie, joyfully, for it had long been her greatest wish to call on Dora.

The girls walked on and in a few minutes were at the door. They were met by Dora, who received them with the utmost pleasure, saying she had been so lonesome all the afternoon. They were ushered into the parlor where Clinton, looking if possible more handsome, welcomed them with a bewitching smile.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a merry evening at Mr. Destelle's, and when Genie and Carrie arose to go, Clinton and Dora accompanied them to Mrs. Elmer's gate.

"Where have you been," said Sarah, when the girls entered.

"To Mr. Destelle's," said Carrie.

"O, you are coming down to it," said Sarah, "you certainly have fallen in love with your teacher or her jackanapes of a brother."

"I confess both, for contrariety sake," said Carrie, smothering, "but after this, Sarah, you will please mind your own business, and not mine, for you and Bess have already led me into more vice than you will again. But thank mercies, Bess is reforming, and you alone pursue your disgraceful course," said she, slamming the door in Miss Curtis's face.

When Sarah was alone, she poured forth the following soliloquy: "Carrie is completely taken off by that young Destelle; and George, O, shaw, he is to live. Bess and Mary Ann seem to like the Destelle's very well. What in the world is Rose Hill Vale coming to? she paused and bent her head in her hands thoughtfully.

Four weeks more of Dora's school passed by. Mr. Bradley had returned, but the Rose Hill Vale boys did not return with him. Finding good wages and plenty of employment, they remained in the "Sunny South." The girls at Rose Hill College had begun to love Dora, and in their company the time passed happily with her.

"Only one month of the school to come," said Genie, on Saturday evening as she tripped off towards the Post office at the store of Bradley & Co.

"Wish it was six months." By this time she reached the door; the mail had just arrived, and she paused by the counter as she heard the names called. Several names she did not hear, were called, and then the Postmaster, Hugh Elliot, raised his voice as he called, "Miss Dora Destelle," "Miss Mary Ann Fergusson," "Miss Eugene Sifton."

With a trembling hand Genie took the letter, and hurrying from the room hastened on. As she went she broke the seal, and tremblingly looked for the name—"Frank Lakes, good gracious, and he hasn't dated it. What a curious boy he is," she then read its contents.

"DEAR GENIE:—Since I left Rose Hill Vale I have often thought of you, and find that there is a feeling in my heart other than mere friendship. I know always loved you, but never knew how much and how long. I was absent from your sweet company. I hope you will not be surprised at this, or treat it with indifference, for what I write is truth and nothing more. Since I have been in the South, I have seen many beautiful ladies dazzling in silks and diamonds, but from all such scenes of Southern splendor, my mind would wander back to dear old Rose Hill Vale, with all its rustic beauty, and a darling sylph-like form, whose sweet grey eyes have ever been the light of my heart. And I find that you are the only one I love, and I live but in the light of your smile. We expect to be home in four months, and then we will have a happy time. I hope you will remember.

FRANK LAKES.

"What a short letter he writes," said she, hiding it in the folds of her dress, and walking briskly on. "He is very curious to have never mentioned love to me. I have loved him from childhood, but there seems ever to have been a barrier between us, that neither was able to surmount; but it is now removed," said she, as she entered, throwing the newspaper on Sarah's lap.

Another month glided swiftly by. During this time Carrie and Clinton were constant companions. They walked, talked, sang and rode together, any one might have known by the blush

that mantled the cheek of the former, and the many attentions of the latter, when they were together, that there was something more than common friendship in the hearts of both. It was the last day of Dora's school, a bright beautiful day, and when evening came, the school at Rose Hill College closed in a scene of perfect love and unity. And as the girls drew up in line, Dora passed down receiving a smile from every one, and thinking how different was this from the time when she passed up that very line of girls, receiving a sneer and taunt from every one. Clinton and Carrie sauntered off together and took a seat under a wide spreading cedar tree. As Genie passed, she distinctly heard those words fall from Carrie's lips: "When George returns from the South, I could not think of marrying in his absence." Carrie returned home that evening, the bride elect of Clinton Destelle.

Four months passed by and the arrival of the boys was looked for with great anxiety. At length the day arrived, and there was a merry group of girls gathered in the green yard of Mr. Elmer's house. It was in that sweet dreamy season called autumn; the air was filled with a sort of smoky mist which hung like a bridal robe over Rose Hill Vale.

"O, I am afraid they won't come," said Dora, impatiently.

"Yes, they will be here before dark," said Bess, "for they were at Sandy Valley yesterday, so Hugh Elliot said."

"They are about Waterloo, now," said Genie, taking her seat on the grass.

"Half-past three," said Mary Ann.

"About Winchester, two miles off," said Carrie.

"Four o'clock," said Elic Bland.

"At Rose Hill Vale," shouted Bess, springing to her feet.

The girls all looked in the direction she pointed, and sure enough there came the long absent boys. But who but the Rose Hill girls would have recognized in the sun-browned faces and manly forms, those who had left them but six months ago. As they neared the gate it was thrown open, and a joyous scene ensued. After all talking together for some time, they took supper, and then dividing off in couples, were about starting for a walk when Clinton Destelle made his appearance. He was introduced to the boys, and warmly congratulated them upon their happy return. The young people now, by couples, started for a stroll around Rose Hill Vale. George and Dora, Genie and Frank, Mary Ann and Gus Hoobs, Clinton and Carrie, Bess and Jim Fergusson, Elic Curtis and Elic Bland, Hugh Elliot and Fanny Miles, made up the party. They all rambled in different directions, except the two latter, who seemed to not care who heard their conversation. Reader, what do you think was the result of that evening? You shall soon hear. Four young men made offers, and as many were accepted. Five wedding days were appointed, and strange to say they were all on one day, which was two weeks from that evening, (Thursday.)

The days passed happily by; the wedding day of each was made known to the other, and it all being on the same day, all agreed to have the weddings together. It was to be at Pigeon Hall, and the affairs at Mr. Elmer's. Rose Hill Vale was in a bustle for the next two weeks. Sarah Curtis, finding she could no longer prevent the reformation, lent a helping hand. She was busy at all kinds of baking and brewing, as well as overseeing the making of the five bridal robes.

At length the happy Thursday came; there was a gay throng at Pigeon Hall, of both young and old. There was a glimmer of bright eyes, a rustle of snowy garments, and the perfume of rare autumnal flowers, and the sound of gay voices, lent a gay contrast to the rude grey outside of the ancient building. Five happy brides sat in the parlor, and five gallant bridegrooms stood in the hall. The former were Dora, Mary Ann, Genie, Bess and Carrie. The latter were George, Gus Hoobs, Frank, Jim Fergusson and Clinton Destelle. Half-past five Parson Gaston arrived; the glimmer of candles were seen in the hall. The Parson took his stand and the bridal party stood before him. But pause, who is that tall beautiful lady leaning on the arm of Sarah Curtis! It is Sarah Clinton. She had returned to Rose Hill Vale just in time to witness its reformation, and to know that Dora Destelle was George Elmer's bride. The ceremony was over and so was the splendid bridal supper. Helen was among the first to kiss the new made brides, and take the hand of the happy bridegrooms.

Many years have passed since then, reader, and the reformation of Rose Hill College and Vale is complete, and GEORGE ELMER'S BRIDE is the one who, by her steadiness of character, began its reformation. There are still two old maids in Rose Hill Vale, and if you should visit the dwelling of Clinton Destelle, you might see one of them, who has long been an inmate of his family, sitting in the corner, sometimes murmuring something of a time when her heart was wrong, and the sore repentance she has had. Her name is Helen Clinton; you will find the other in a little back room in the stately mansion of George Elmer, and in her time-worn face you will not fail to recognize

Sarah Curtis. Mrs. Hoobs and Fergusson often laugh heartily, as they relate to their children the story of the ghost of Rose Vale grave-yard.

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

THE RIGHT KIND OF CAPTAIN AND COMPANY.

MR. EDITOR:—Since the commencement of this war we have heard a great deal in reference to the many bearing and bravery of many officers and men in the Union army, and I beg leave to state a few facts concerning the bravery and daring of some of our neighbors and friends who have gone forth to defend our rights and Government. CAPT. MONTGOMERY left Gallia county about ten months ago, with a brave little band of "Gallia boys." It was dark times then, but the patriotic friends calmly bade them farewell. Our hearts swelled with pride to know that they were willing to die for our dear country, and yet many a mother's voice trembled as she pronounced the cheering words "God bless you," many a wife and sister strove to conceal their grief as the spartan band of cherished ones left their homes; but they did not go down-hearted, they were going to answer their country's call, and they went with gallant tread and smiling faces. Those gallant boys, as well as their Captain, have distinguished their names by deeds of valor and courage. They have marched through Kentucky, Tennessee, and some distance into Alabama, and still seem eager for the word forward. Since entering the service there has been no cause for blot nor blame to rest on this company, every order has been obeyed to the letter. Onward they have gone in a course of duty, building bridges, wading through mud and rain, through water deep and cold, but never a murmur or complaint. They seem to have but one aim in view, and that is the restoration of the Union. If there is a difficult task to perform, Co. F is called on, and they never refuse; no, they are not the boys to shrink from duty.

Not long ago Gen. Mitchell heard the rebels were re-building the burnt bridges up close to Stevenson; he sent the 2d Ohio, Col. Harris, upon a train to see if it was so. He also called on Col. Sill for a Captain and 65 men to take charge of an express train to act as rear guard for Col. Harris and keep the road clear. Col. Sill thereupon detached Captain Montgomery and 45 of his company, with 20 of company A, all under his command. He reported himself to Gen. Mitchell, who gave him instructions and told him to take command of the train immediately and proceed up toward Chattanooga until he overtook the 2d Ohio, and report himself to Col. Harris. The General would allow him but one car, and therefore about 15 of his men had to get on top of the car. They left about an hour before dark, and shortly after it began to rain and blow and was very cold. They overtook the 2d at Smithville, about 16 miles from Stevenson; they had concluded to remain there till morning. Capt. M. reported to Col. Harris, who ordered him to keep running up and down the railroad from 15 to 20 miles till morning. Capt. M. asked him for a larger car, that all his men could be sheltered, but his answer was, you might as well be wet as my men.

Nothing was to be done but obey orders, therefore company F was scouting on the railroad all that long dreary night. At length daylight came, and Col. Harris moved forward. Capt. M. followed about 12 miles in the rear; after arriving at the bridge and finding no rebels there, Col. H. wrote a dispatch to Gen. Mitchell and sent it to Capt. M., with orders to carry it to his headquarters. It was now 8 o'clock A. M., and nothing to eat all night, and 60 miles from Huntsville. If ever an engine snorted twice at once it was the one Capt. M. was commanding. He had steam up from 110 to 140 lbs. They arrived at Huntsville 15 minutes before 10 o'clock, and delivered the dispatch to Gen. Mitchell. He was conversing with three Southern leaders when Capt. M. entered his tent in haste, his face black as dry cedar smoke could make it, with a blue overcoat dripping with rain, entirely concealing his uniform. The following conversation took place:

General—What do you want, sir?

Captain—General I have brought you that dispatch.

General—What dispatch, sir?

Captain—One from Col. Harris, sir.

General—Why, the train has not come yet, has it?

Captain—Yes, sir, or I would not be here.

General—Why did not Capt. M. report to me in person?

Captain—I am here, sir.

General—Indeed, I did not recognize you. How come you so wet and black?

Captain—Standing on top, outside the car, sir.

General—Why did you remain outside the entire night?

Captain—Sir, the car would not hold us all, and I chose to remain with those who were outside in the rain and cold.

General—You did not remain out the entire night?

Captain—Yes, sir, I never set my foot inside after leaving Huntsville.

Here the General proceeded to read the dispatch. After reading he took out his watch and meditated a moment,

he then addressed Capt. M.—Sir, it appears that you have brought this dispatch 60 miles in less than 80 minutes; also, that you and part of your men have been out in the rain during the night. I therefore release you from further duty at present. You can return to the regiment with your men, with the compliment of having fulfilled my orders to the letter. Bidding the General good day, Capt. M. with his men returned to camp and ate a hearty breakfast about 11 o'clock. Now Mr. Editor, isn't this the right kind of a Captain and company. Many other acts of bravery I could mention, but fearing to tire your patience I will close. More anon. R.

TRAITORS AT HOME.—The following extract, from the Louisville Democrat, expresses very distinctly the feeling of all true Union men respecting treason at home, and the proper method of dealing with it:

"It is just as well, too, that men should reflect whether that freedom of speech which rejoices in this rebellion had as well be voluntarily dropped before it is forcibly suppressed. We cannot afford to live any longer in the midst of lawlessness, robbery and murder, under the pretext of Southern Rights, or any other sort of rights. Certainly it cannot be expected that this forbearance shall last always. There is a law of this State that consigns to the State prison any one who left the State to take up arms against it. We had hoped that this law might be repealed, upon the ground that such offences would cease, and be atoned for by repentance. We apprehend it will be necessary, for the peace of the State, to enforce this law.

"At the same time, those who went into the Confederate army as soldiers are not more guilty than thousands at home who have done by words much more against the country and their State than the soldier in arms.

"We repeat that it is time all aid and comfort to this rebellion, either in words or deeds, should stop in this State. We cannot afford to tolerate this lawlessness and these enormous crimes to accommodate a faction.

"Those who are not willing to obey the laws of Kentucky, and who would foment disorder, or aid or sympathize with rebellion, should not complain if they suffer the consequences."

WE beg the numerous subscribers of the "Greenbrier Weekly Era," lately defunct—not to come in and pay their subscriptions. Our Quartermasters would be unable to furnish sufficient transportation to haul away the Confederate scrip which we would there receive; besides, waste paper is not in demand in Ohio, and it would be a bad speculation even if transportation could be furnished. We might have continued the paper under its old name had we not been fearful of an inundation of shipwreckers from such a source.

The name of "Yankee," may not strike our friends abroad, as very appropriate, for there is not a single Yankee in the whole brigade. It would be impossible, however, to convince the denizens of this delightful valley, that we are not Yankees; so we assume the name, and thus avoid controversy.—Louisburg (Va.) Yankee.

FEMALE TEAMSTER.—The Nashville Dispatch of Saturday says:

Yesterday one of the soldiers, or rather a teamster attached to one of the Ohio regiments, and who has been confined at the hospital for a few days with measles, was discovered to be a woman. She hails from the vicinity of Gallipolis, Ohio, and first joined the regular army, when her sex was discovered and she was rejected. She was then employed as a house servant at seventy-five cents per week, when she engaged at twenty-five dollars per month. She is represented as about eighteen years old, and made rather a handsome boy. She has three brothers in the army, but not in the regiment to which she was attached.

The "Address of the Democratic members of Congress to the Democracy of the United States" is a document which falsifies history and outrages common sense. The assertions are wild and reckless, the assumptions atrociously false, and the spirit of the thing is malicious. The fact that the great rebellion was shattered under Democratic Administrations by influential Democrats, and that the leaders in the rebellion, with few exceptions, were leaders in the Democratic party, is entirely ignored. The restoration of "the Union as it was" means, to the signers of the partisan pronunciamento before us, the restoration of the faction of traitors to the control of the General Government. The solicitude professed for the Constitution is the basest hypocrisy. The theory of those who would have us understand that they are the special champions of the Constitution is, that that instrument contemplates the preservation of the Government by yielding to its enemies—There is nothing constitutional, according to the clique of demagogues, but the submission to the fact. Those who are desirous of co-operating hereafter with the party whose master spirits will be those now in arms against the Government, would do well to endorse Mr. Vallandigham's address, and support his party.—Commercial.

THE CRISIS AND ITS DEMANDS.

Col. Forney writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press:

We are living in the midst, not simply of a revolution unparalleled in history, but a rebellion against all the improvements in Government, in science, in law and in society. The men who refused to stand by the Government in this crisis, cannot stop this revolution. They cannot save Slavery, but they may temporarily wound the Constitution and the Union. Radical remedies are always the offspring of grave diseases. The ingratitude and savage atrocities of Slavery have turned the heart of Christendom against it, and have made the severe medicines of men who were called fanatics a few years ago, palatable to those who have been among the moderate classes of our people. The true statesman accepts things as they are. His first duty is his country. He must put down her foes by every means; and if one weapon fails, he must try another. Such a leader can no more ignore the revolution against Slavery, brought about by the slaveowners, than he can blot out the undying memory which preserves for eternal veneration and example the great events which have changed the civil polity and religious systems of other nations.

One of the incidents of this revolution against Slavery is the extraordinary transformation wrought in the minds of intelligent and conscientious Democrats. I have just received a letter from a gentleman who bears an honored name as a consistent member of the once respected Democratic party, which I publish as one of the thousand evidences of the change that is taking place in the minds of men:

"The leading article of The Press this morning speaks the language of truth and necessity. You remember it was my policy from the onset—'no more legislation, no more talk, no more compromise or conciliation.' The Government must show sterner stuff. We must treat these heaven-daring and hell-deserving offenders, those highwaymen, those assassins and pirates, as the worst of foes. Mercy to them is cruelty to the civilized world, which, in its broad expanse, is more or less interested in the maintenance of this Republic in all its integrity. Our Government should and must 'press them to the wall,' follow them up on their way, defeat them until they are dispersed, lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance, are subjugated, or exterminated. We must decide at once and sternly—no indulgence of domestic traitors in our midst. We must imitate Baltimore everywhere, all over our country, and drive traitors and their treason from our streets. No more talk of the ties of consanguinity, affinity, or sacred friendship with barbarians and assassins. They dissolve in thin air before the true patriot, who must bury the recollections of all ties in the proud consciousness of duty to God and his country, from which source he will be sure to receive his reward. For God's sake, urge, by all possible means at your command, the necessity of the most stringent measures; nor hope for peace or restoration of the Government by other means. You are doing much; persevere, call men and things, by their right names, and let our thoughts turn to the subjugation, or, if need be, extermination. America and Christianity demand it."

You will tell me this is strong language, but remember it is the voice of one who has not only been foremost in the ranks of the Democracy, but foremost among the defenders of the South. He speaks as tens of thousands of Democrats feel. Mr. Lincoln told the Border States of "the signs of the times;" and there is none that suggests a more solemn warning than the revolution in regard to Slavery among the masses who have been its ardent advocates and apologists.

FEMALE CURIOUSITY.—I was informed of quite a noteworthy incident which happened a few days ago in front of the fortifications of Yorktown, and which I think has not yet been made public. While the water batteries of the rebels were throwing shells at our gunboats, two "seecah ladies" came out and stood on the parapet of one of the rebel fortifications and calmly watched the effect of the shells. This was certainly a most remarkable exhibition of audacity. A very gallant brigadier-general who saw them, gave orders to the pickets not to fire upon them. This shows the virtue there is in petticoats. The fair creatures who wore them were treated with a consideration which hardly would have been extended to those poor wretches who wear other garments.—War Wrecker.

Mrs. Welch's dwelling in the east part of the town was burned last evening, by order of Col. Crook, because one of the wounded of the 36th O. V. was shot from it. The poor fellow was shot by Mrs